

THE MINERVA.

GET WISDOM, AND WITH ALL THY GETTING, GET UNDERSTANDING.—PROVERBS OF SOLOMON.

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POPULAR TALES.

FROM THE FRENCH, GERMAN, ITALIAN,
SPANISH, AND ENGLISH.

Truth severe, by fiction dressed.—GRAY.

PEDRO AND CELESTINA;
BY THE CHEVALIER DE FLORIAN.

CELESTINA, at seventeen, was the most admired beauty in Grenada. She was an orphan, and heiress to an immense fortune, under the guardianship of an old and avaricious uncle, whose name was Alonso, and who passed his days in counting ducats, and his nights in silencing serenades, nocturnally addressed to Celestina. His design was to marry her, for the sake of her great fortune, to his own son, Henriquez, who had studied ten years in the university of Salamanca, and was now able to explain Cornelius Nepos tolerably well.

Almost all the cavaliers of Grenada were in love with Celestina. As they could only obtain a sight of her at mass, the church she frequented was filled with great numbers of the handsomest, and most accomplished youths of the country. One of the most distinguished, among these, was Don Pedro, a captain of cavalry, about twenty, not very rich, but of one of the first families. Handsome, polite, and witty, he drew on himself the eyes of all the ladies of Grenada; though he himself paid attention to none but Celestina; while she, not insensible to his attachment, began to take considerable notice of her admirer.

Two months passed away without the lovers daring to speak, though nevertheless, they silently said a great deal. At the end of that time Pedro found the means of conveying a letter to his mistress; which informed her of what she knew before. The reserved Celestina had no sooner read this letter, than she ordered it to be sent back to Pedro; but, as she possessed an excellent memory, she retained every word, and was able to return a very punctual answer, a whole week afterwards.

A correspondence was now settled between the two lovers. Pedro was desirous to be still more intimate. He had long solicited permission to converse with Celestina, through her lattices; such is the custom in Spain; where the windows are of much more use during the night than the day. They are the places of rendezvous. When the street is vacant and still, the lover wraps himself up in his cloak, and, taking his sword, invokes Love and Night to favour him, proceeds to some low lattice, grated on the side next the street, and secured on the inside by shutters. He waits not long before the window opens, softly, and the charming maid appears. She asks, in a tremulous voice, if any one is there. Her lover, transported at her condescension, endeavours to dispel her fears. They talk in a whisper, and repeat the same thing a hundred times. The gratings cannot hinder their interchanging vows, though they may prevent their kisses. The lover curses the envious bars, while his mistress thanks them for their friendly interposition. Day, at length, approaches, and they must separate. They are an hour in taking leave; and part, at last,

without having said half the tender things they intended.

Celestina's lattice was on the ground-floor, and opened into a narrow passage, where the houses were ill built, and only inhabited by the lower class of people. Pedro's old nurse happened to occupy a tenement directly opposite the window of Celestina. Pedro, therefore, repaired to his nurse. My good woman, said he, I have been much to blame to suffer you to live so long in this miserable habitation; but I am determined to make you amends by giving you an apartment in my own house. Come, and reside in that, and leave me to dispose of this. The honest woman could not refrain from tears; and, for a long time, refused; but, at last, overcome by his solicitations, she consented to the exchange, with every expression of gratitude, for the kindness of her benefactor. Never did any monarch enter his palace with more satisfaction than Pedro took possession of the hovel of his nurse.

Early in the evening Celestina appeared at her lattice. She promised to repair thither every other day, and she kept her word. These delightful interviews served only to increase the flame of love; and, very soon, the lovers' nights were passed in pleasing conversation, and their days in writing passionate epistles. They had both reached that intoxication of delight and anxiety which is the last period of the passion of love, when Henriquez, the intended husband of Celestina, arrived from Salamanca, bringing with him a declaration of his passion in Latin, which had been written for him by the head of his college. The lovers consulted each other on this event at the lattice; but, in the mean time, the old guardian had drawn up a contract of marriage, and a day was fixed on for the celebration of the nuptials of Celestina and Henriquez.

Under such circumstances, the only remedy was to fly into Portugal. This was determined on; and it was also settled that the two lovers, on arriving at Lisbon, should first marry, and afterwards have recourse to the law, against the guardian. Celestina was to carry with her a box of jewels, which had been left her by her mother. These were very valuable, and would be sufficient to maintain the happy couple till their lawsuit should be decided in their favour. No plan could ever be laid with more prudence.

Nothing was now wanting but to contrive how to effect this escape; for which purpose, it was necessary to procure the key of the lattice. In this Celestina succeeded. It was therefore resolved that the next night, at eleven, Pedro, after having ordered horses to wait without the city, should come and fetch Celestina; who should descend from the window, into the arms of her lover, and immediately set off for Portugal.

Pedro spent the whole day in preparations for his departure. Celestina was equally busy in getting ready the little box she was to take with her. She was very careful not to omit securing in it a very fine emerald, which had been given her by her lover. Celestina and her box were ready by eight in the evening; and before ten Pedro, who had already provided carriages on the road to Andalusia,

arrived at the appointed spot; his heart beating with perturbation and hope.

As he approached the place, he heard persons calling for help, and perceived two men attacked by five assassins, armed with swords and bludgeons. The brave Pedro forgot his own affairs to defend the lives of the assaulted. He wounded two, and put the other three antagonists to flight. What was his surprise, on more attentively considering those he had delivered, to perceive they were no other than Henriquez and Celestina's guardian Alonzo! Some desperate young cavalier of the city, who was in love with Celestina, knowing it was intended that Henriquez should espouse her, had hired bravoes, a species of rascals but too common in Spain, to assassinate them; and had it not been for the valour of Don Pedro, the young scholar and the old miser would have found it no easy matter to have escaped with life.

Pedro did his utmost to avoid their grateful acknowledgments, but Henriquez, who piqued himself on having learned politeness in Salamanca, swore he should not leave them that night. Pedro, in despair, had already heard the clock strike eleven. Alas! he knew not the mischief that had happened. One of the bravoes, whom he had put to flight, had passed, muffled up in his cloak, near the lattice of Celestina. The night was extremely dark, and the unfortunate fair, having opened the window, imagined him to be Don Pedro. She presented him the box with joyful impatience. Take our diamonds, said she, while I descend. At the word diamonds, the bravo suddenly stopped, took the box, without speaking a word, and, while Celestina was coming down from the window, fled with the utmost precipitation.

Celestina, when she found herself alone, in the street, and saw nothing of him whom she had supposed to be Pedro, thought, at first, he had left her to avoid raising suspicion or alarm. She, therefore, hastily walked to a little distance, looked round on every side, and called in a low voice. But no Pedro could she see; no lover could she hear. She now was seized with the most alarming apprehensions. She knew not whether it were most advisable to return home, or endeavour to find the horses and attendants of Pedro that were waiting out of town. She continued to walk forwards in the utmost uncertainty and distress, till she had lost herself among the streets; while her fears were redoubled by darkness and silence. At length she met a person, whom she asked if she were far from the gate of the city. The stranger conducted her thither, but she found nobody waiting as she expected. She dared not yet accuse her lover of deceiving her: still she hoped he was at no great distance. She, therefore, proceeded along the road, fearful of every bush, and calling Pedro at every step; but the farther she walked, the more she was bewildered; for she had come out of the city on the side opposite to the Portugal road.

Pedro found himself unable to get away from the grateful Henriquez and his father. They would not suffer him to leave them for a moment, but obliged him to enter the house with them, to which Pedro, fearful of betraying his intent, and frustrating his dearest hopes,

and imagining, too, that Celestina might be soon satisfied why he thus delayed, most reluctantly consented.

Alonso hastens to the chamber of his ward, to inform her of the danger he had just escaped. He calls, but receives no answer; enters her apartment, and finds the lattice open; his cries collect the servants, the alarm is immediately given, Celestina is missing. Pedro, in despair, immediately offered to go in quest of her. Henriquez, thanking him for the concern he expressed, declared his resolution of accompanying him. Pedro suggested that the probability of finding her would be greater if they took different roads. Accordingly, he hastened to rejoin his domestics; and not doubting but Celestina had taken the road to Portugal, put his horses on at full speed. But their swiftness only removed him farther from the object of his love; while Henriquez galloped towards the Alpuxarian mountains, the way Celestina had actually gone.

In the mean time, Celestina continued to wander, disconsolate, along the road that led to the Alpuxares, seeking her lover. Anon she heard the clattering of approaching horses; and, at first, imagined it might be her beloved Pedro: but, afterwards, fearful of discovery, the violence of travellers, or, perhaps, robbers, she concealed herself, trembling, behind some bushes. Here she presently saw Henriquez pass by, followed by a number of servants. Shuddering at the danger of being again in the power, and dreading a second time to submit to the redoubled tyranny of Alonzo if she continued in the high-road, she turned aside, and took refuge in a thick wood.

The Alpuxares are a chain of mountains, which extend from Grenada to the Mediterranean. They are only inhabited by a few peasants. To these fear and terror conducted the unfortunate maiden. A dry and stony soil, with a few oak-trees, thinly scattered, some torrents and echoing cataracts, and a number of wild goats, leaping from precipice to precipice, are the only objects which present themselves to the eyes of Celestina, as soon as day begins to break. Exhausted, at length, with weariness and vexation, her feet being torn by the rugged stones over which she had passed, she sat down under a rock, through the clefts of which a limpid water gently oozed.

The silence of this grotto, the wildness of the landscape around, the hoarse and distant murmur of several cascades, and the noise of the water near her, falling drop by drop into the basin it had hollowed beneath, all conspired to convince Celestina that she was alone in the midst of a desert, abandoned by her lover, who, to her, was the whole world. She sat down on the edge of this stream, to vent her grief in tears, reflecting on the miseries that seemed to threaten her, but above all on her lost Don Pedro, whom, at moments, she still flattered herself she should one day regain. It certainly was not him, said she, whom I saw carry off my diamonds. I must have been mistaken. Yet, how was it possible that my heart should not have informed me of the truth? No doubt he is now far hence, seeking me with anxiety and distraction; while I, as far distant from him, here am perishing.

While mournfully thus she ruminated,

she heard, at the bottom of the grotto, the sound of a rustic flute. On searching, she found a young goatherd sitting at the foot of a willow, his eye bedewed with his tears, and fixed on the water as it issued from its rocky source. In his hand he held a flageolet, and by his side lay a staff and a little parcel. Shepherd, said Celestina, have pity on one abandoned, and shew me my way among these mountains to some village, or habitation, where I may procure, though not repose, at least sustenance. Alas, Madam! replied the goatherd, I wish it were in my power to conduct you to the village of Gadara, behind these rocks; but you will not ask me to return thither when you are informed my mistress is this day to be married to my rival. I am going to leave these mountains, never to behold them more; and I carry nothing with me but my flute, a change of dress, which I have in this parcel, and the memory of the happiness I have lost.

This short account suggested a new project to Celestina. My friend, said she to the goatherd, you have no money, which you will certainly want, when you have left this country. I have a few pieces of gold; these I will divide with you, if you will let me have the dress you say is in your parcel. The goatherd accepted the offer. Celestina gave him a dozen ducats; and, having informed herself which was the road to Gadara, took her leave of the despairing lover, and returned into the grotto to put on her newly purchased disguise.

She came out habited in a vest of chamouis skin, with a shepherd's wallet hanging by her side, and, on her head, a hat ornamented with ribands. In this attire she appeared yet more beautiful than when adorned with brocades and jewels. She took the road to the village, and, stopping in the market-place, inquired of the peasants if they knew of any farmer who wanted a servant.

The inhabitants surround her, and survey the stranger with admiration.—The girls express their surprise at the beauty of her flowing ringlets; her elegant form, her graceful manner, and the brilliancy of her eyes: even though dejected, their superior intelligence and mild benignity, astonish and delight all beholders. No one could conceive from whence came this beautiful youth. One imagines him a person of high distinction in disguise; another, a prince, in love with some shepherdess; while the school-master, who was at the same time the poet of the village, declared it must be Apollo, sent down a second time to keep sheep among mortals!

Celestina, who assumed the name of Marcelio, was not long in want of a master. She was hired by an aged Alcade of the village, esteemed one of the worthiest men in the whole province. This honest countryman soon contracted the warmest friendship for Celestina. He scarcely suffered her to tend his flock for a month before he gave her an employment within his house, in which the pretended Marcelio behaved with so much propriety and fidelity, that he was equally beloved by master and servants.

Before he had lived here half a year, the Alcade, who was more than eighty, left the entire management of all he possessed to Marcelio; he even asked his opinion in all the causes that came before him, and never had any Alcade decided with so much justice from the time he permitted himself to be guided by the advice of Marcelio. Marcelio was beloved and proposed as an example to all the village: his affability, his pleasing manner, and his good sense gained every heart. See the excellent Marcelio, cried the mothers to their sons; he is continually with his master; he is perpetually employed in rendering his old age happy, and never neglects his duty, like you, to run after the shepherdesses!

Two years passed away in this manner.

Celestina, whose thoughts were continually employed on her lover, had sent a shepherd, in whom she could confide, to Grenada to procure information concerning Don Pedro, Alonso, and Henriquez. The shepherd brought word back, that Alonso was dead, Henriquez married, and that Pedro had not been seen or heard of for the last two years. Celestina now lost all hope of ever again beholding her lover, and, happy in being able to pass her days in that village in the bosom of peace and friendship, had resolved to bid an eternal adieu to love, when the old Alcade her master fell dangerously ill. Marcelio attended his last moments with all the affections of a son, and the good old man behaved to him like a grateful father; he died and left all he possessed to the faithful Marcelio. But his will was by no means a sufficient consolation to his heir.

The whole village mourned for the Alcade, and, after his funeral rites had been celebrated with more sorrow than pomp, the inhabitants of the place assembled to choose a successor. In Spain certain villages have the right of nominating their own Alcade, whose office it is to decide their differences, and take cognizance of greater crimes by arresting and examining the offenders, and delivering them over to the superior judges, who generally confirm the sentence of those rustic magistrates; for good laws are always perfectly consonant to simple reason. The villagers, being met, agreed with one voice that no one could be so proper to succeed the late Alcade as the youth whom he seemed to have designed for his successor. The old men, therefore, followed by their sons, came with all the usual ceremonies to offer Marcelio the white wand, the ensign of the vacant office. Celestina accepted it, and sensibly touched by such a proof of esteem and affection from these good people, resolved to consecrate to their happiness a life she had formerly intended to dedicate to love.

While the new Alcade is busied with the duties of her office, let us return to the unfortunate Don Pedro, whom we left galloping towards Portugal, and continually removing farther from her he so anxiously sought. He arrived at Lisbon without obtaining any intelligence of Celestina, and immediately returned by the same road to research every place he had before in vain examined; again he arrived at Lisbon, but without success.

After six months ineffectual inquiry, having assured himself that Celestina had never returned to Grenada, he imagined she might perhaps be at Seville, where he knew she had relations. Immediately he hastened to Seville, but found the relations of Celestina had just embarked for Mexico. Pedro no longer doubted but his mistress was gone with them, and directly went on board the last ship which remained to sail. He arrived at Mexico, where he found the relations, but, alas! no Celestina; they had heard nothing of her: he, therefore, returned to Spain. And now the ship is attacked by a violent storm, and cast away on the coast of Grenada: himself, and a few of the passengers, save themselves by swimming; they land, and make their way to the mountains, to procure assistance, and, by chance or love, are conducted to Gadara.

Pedro, and his unfortunate companions, took refuge in the first inn, congratulating each other on the danger they had escaped. While they were discoursing on their adventures, one of the passengers began to quarrel with a soldier, concerning a box, which the passenger asserted belonged to him. Pedro, desirous to put an end to the contention, obliged the passenger to declare what it contained, opening it at the same time to discover whether he spoke the truth. How great was his surprise to find in it the jewels of Celestina, and, among them, the very

emerald he had given her. For a moment he stood motionless, examining attentively the casket; and fixing his eyes, sparkling with rage, on the claimant, how came you by these jewels? said he, with a voice of thunder. What does it signify, replied the passenger haughtily, how I came by them? it is sufficient that I am possessed of them. He then endeavoured to snatch the casket from Don Pedro; but he, pushing him back, instantly drew his sword. Wretch, said he, confess your crime, or you die this moment. So saying, he attacked him with great fury: his antagonist defended himself with equal bravery, but presently received a mortal wound, and fell. Pedro was immediately surrounded and seized by the people of the house. They take him to prison, and the master of the inn sends his wife to fetch the clergyman of the parish, that he may administer spiritual comfort to the dying man, while he runs, himself, to the Alcade, to carry the casket, and inform him of the whole adventure.

How great was the surprise, the joy, and the anxiety of Celestina, on perceiving her diamonds, and hearing the behaviour of the noble stranger. She immediately hastened to the inn, the minister was already there, and the dying man, induced by his exhortations, declared, in presence of the Alcade, that, two years before, as he was one night passing through a street in Grenada, a lady had given him that box, through a lattice, telling him to hold it till she came down, but that he immediately made off with the jewels; for which theft he asked pardon of God, and the unknown lady, whom he had injured. Immediately after this confession he expired, and Celestina ran to the prison.

How did her heart palpitate with expectation! She could no longer doubt but she should again see Don Pedro, but she feared she should be known by him; she therefore pulled her hat over her eyes, wrapped herself up in her cloak, and, preceded by her clerk and the jailer, entered the dungeon. No sooner had she reached the bottom of the stairs than she perceived Pedro. Her joy almost deprived her of speech; she leaned against the wall, her head sunk on her shoulder, and the tears streamed down her cheeks. She wiped them away, stopped a moment to take breath, and, endeavouring to speak with firmness, approached the prisoner. Stranger, said she, disguising her voice, you have killed your companion.—What could induce you to so horrid an action? These few words were all she could utter, and seating herself on a stone, she concealed her face with her hand. Alcade, replied Don Pedro, I have committed no crime; it was an act of justice; but I beg for death. Death alone can end the continual miseries of which the wretch I have sacrificed to my revenge was the first cause. Condemn me. I wish not to make a defence. Deliver me from a life which is hateful to me, since I have lost what alone could render it delightful; since I can no longer hope ever to find. He was unable to conclude, and his voice faintly expressed the name of Celestina.

Celestina trembled on hearing him pronounce her name. She could scarcely conceal her transports, but was ready to rise and throw herself into the arms of her lover. The presence, however, of so many witnesses restrained her. She therefore turned away her eyes, and faintly requested to be left alone with the prisoner. She was obeyed. Giving a free course to her tears, she advanced towards Don Pedro, and offering him her hand said in a most affectionate tone, do you then still love her who lives for you alone? At these words, at this voice, Pedro lifts his head, unable to believe his eyes. On Heaven! is it—Is it my Celestina! or is it some angelic being

assuming her form? Yes, it is she. I can no longer doubt it, cried he, clasping her in his arms, and bathing her with his tears. It is my love, my life, and all my woes are ended. No, said Celestina, as soon as she could recover speech, you are guilty of bloodshed, and I cannot free you from your fetters; but I will repair to-morrow to the superior judge, will inform him of the secret of my birth, relate to him our misfortunes, and, if he refuses me your liberty, will return and end my days with you in this prison. Marcelio immediately gave orders for the removal of Pedro from the subterranean dungeon into a less hideous place of security; took care that he should want for nothing, and afterwards returned home to prepare for his journey, the next day, when a most alarming event prevented his departure, and hastened the delivery of Pedro.

Some Algerine galleys, which had for several days pursued the ship on board of which Pedro was, had arrived on the coast, sometime after the shipwreck; and, willing to repay themselves for the trouble they had taken, had determined to land, during the night. Two renegadoes, who knew the country, undertook to conduct the barbarians to the village of Gadara, and fulfilled their promise but too well. About one in the morning, when labour enjoys repose, and villany wakes to remorse, the dreadful cry to arms! was heard. The Moors had landed, and were burning and slaughtering all before them. The darkness of the night, the groans of the dying, and the shrieks of the terrified inhabitants, filled every heart with consternation. The trembling wives caught their husbands in their arms; and the old men sought succour from their sons. In a moment the village was in flames, the light of which discovered the gory scimitars and white turbans of the Moors.

Those barbarians, the flambeau in one hand and the hatchet in the other, were breaking and burning the doors of the houses; and, making their way through the smoking ruins, to seek for victims or for plunder, returned covered with blood, and loaded with booty. Nothing is held sacred by these monsters. They force their way into the temples of the Most High, break the shrines, strip off the gold, and trample the holy relics under foot. Alas! what avail to priests their sacred character, to the aged their gray hairs, to youth its graces, or to infancy its innocence? Slavery, fire, devastation and death are every where, and pity is fled.

On the first alarm and tumult, the Alcade made all possible haste to the prison to inform Pedro of the danger. The brave Pedro demanded a sword for himself and a buckler for the Alcade. He takes Celestina by the hand, and makes his way to the market-place. There he addresses the fugitives. My friends, cries he, are ye Spaniards, and do ye fly and abandon your wives and children to the fury of the infidels? He stops them, collects them round him; inspires them with his own valour, and, more than human, for he is a lover and a hero, rushes, sabre in hand, on a party of the Moors, whom he breaks and disperses. The inhabitants recover their recollection and their courage, enraged behold their slaughtered friends, and hasten in crowds to join their leader. Pedro, without quitting Celestina, and ever solicitous to expose his life in her defence, attacks the barbarians, at the head of his brave Spaniards, and, dealing destruction to all who make resistance, drives the fugitives before him, retakes the plunder and the prisoners, and only quits the pursuit of the enemy to return and extinguish the fires.

The day began to break, when a body of troops, who had too late received information of the descent of the infidels, arrived from a neighbouring town. The

governor had put himself at their head, and found Pedro surrounded by women, children, and old men; who, weeping, kissed his hands, with unfeigned gratitude, for having preserved their husbands, their fathers, or their sons. The governor, informed of the exploits of Pedro, loaded him with praises and caresses; but Celestina, requesting to be heard, declared to the governor, in presence of the whole village, her sex; giving at the same time a relation of her adventures, the death of the bravo by Pedro, and the circumstances which rendered him excusable.

All the inhabitants, greatly affected with her story, fell at the feet of the governor, entreating pardon for the man to whom they were indebted for their preservation. The request was granted, and the happy Pedro, thus restored to his dear Celestina, embraced the governor, and blessed the good inhabitants. One of the old men then advanced. Brave stranger, said he, you are our deliverer, but you take from us our Alcáde; this loss perhaps outweighs your benefit. Double our blessings, instead of depriving us of our greatness; remain in this village; condescend to become our Alcáde, our master, our friend. Honour us so far as to permit nothing to abate our love for you. In a great city, the cowardly and the wicked, who maintain the same rank with yourself, will think themselves your equals; while, here, every virtuous inhabitant will look on you as his father; next to the Deity himself, you will receive from us the highest honour; and, while life remains, on the anniversary of this day, the fathers of our families will present their children before you, saying, behold the man who preserved the lives of your mothers.

Pedro was enchanted while he listened to the old man. Yes, cried he, my children, yes, my brethren, I will remain here. My life shall be devoted to Celestina and to you. But my wife has considerable possessions in Grenada. Our excellent governor will add his interest to ours, that we may recover them, and they shall be employed to rebuild the houses which have been burnt by the infidels. On this condition alone will I accept the office of Alcáde; and though I should expend, in your service, both my riches and my life, I should still be your debtor; for it is you who have restored me my Celestina!

Imagine the transports of the good villagers while Don Pedro spoke. The governor was a person of great power, and undertook to arrange every thing to his wish; and, two days afterwards, the marriage was celebrated between Celestina and her lover. Notwithstanding their late misfortunes, nothing could exceed the joy of the inhabitants. The two lovers long lived in unexampled felicity; and, happy and virtuous themselves, made the whole district happy and virtuous likewise.

THE GLEANER.

So we'll live,
And pray, and sing, and tell old tales, and laugh
At gilded butterflies, and hear poor rogues
Talk of Court News; and we'll talk with them too,
Who lose; and who wins; who's in and who's out,
And take upon us the mystery of things,
As if we were God's aples. SHAKESPEARE.

Maxims from Baltasar Garcian a Spaiard.—"Continue not in folly." Some persons by blunders and engagements, when they find they have been mistaken, believe their honour would suffer if their engagements were not completed.

Their hearts accuse them of errors, and their tongues vindicate them. Neither an imprudent promise nor a foolish resolution is obligatory. A Spartan King being called upon to keep his word, said, "that if the thing was not just, he had never promised it;" meaning that he ought not to keep a promise if it led to injustice. The Emperor Charles the

Fifth having signed an unjust privilege, desired it might again be brought to him; which having been done, he tore it to pieces, saying, "that he would much rather destroy his seal, than wound his conscience."

"On fit opportunities, and qualifications adapted to them." Stormy seas make good sailors, and they who have been shipwrecked are better prepared to assist in preventing the destruction of a vessel. An engagement happily made, has been the means of advancing to very exalted situations, many who might otherwise have for ever remained buried in the greatest obscurity. Macchiaveli has observed, in the 6th chapter of his "Prince," that had not opportunity been favourable, the valour of Cyrus, Romulus, and Theseus, would have been of little or no service. On the other hand, had they been wanting in valour, opportunity would have been lost. It was necessary that Romulus should have no habitation from his birth, in order that he might be stimulated to become the founder of Rome. It was also necessary, for the conquests of Cyrus, that he should find the Persians discontented with the Government of the Medes, and that the latter should have become effeminate by a long peace. Theseus could not have exhibited his skill and perseverance, had not the Athenians been dispersed. Let Fortune then, if she wishes to exalt a prince, raise up enemies, in order to exercise his courage, and his industry; for this is a ladder by which he may climb to the highest degree of reputation and power.

"Avoid disputes." Never come to an open rupture, for reputation always is injured by it. Every man is qualified to become an enemy, although he may not be qualified to become a friend. Few are in a situation to render us a service, but almost any one can injure us. Concealed enemies, who are on the watch, take care to blow the fire when they perceive a spark is kindled. Friends with whom we have quarrelled, make the worst enemies. The spectators of a dispute, speak of it as they think, and they think what they wish. They condemn both parties, either for a deficiency in foresight (if the dispute arise between friends) at the beginning of their acquaintance, or a want of patience at the end, or at all events, a want of prudence.

"Be not too explicit." The greater part of mankind do not esteem what they fully comprehend, neither do they admire what they understand. In order that things may be esteemed, they must be obtained with difficulty. It is very easy to pass for a skilful man, since it consists partly in not being understood. Show yourself more prudent, and more intelligent with the person to whom you are speaking, than there is need of; but take care that it is not outrageously inconsistent. Although common sense is by clever men deemed of great weight, yet a certain tincture of the sublime is necessary if the world's applause is sought. The means of censuring is destroyed if the whole mind is employed in conceiving. Many praise that which they do not comprehend when asked an opinion concerning it, because they are inclined to pay deference to whatever is difficult to understand, and praise it, since they imagine it exalts themselves.

Eccentricity. Whimsical Tastes.—A few years ago a young lady was living near Exeter, whose eccentric sympathies and antipathies were the talk of the whole neighbourhood. She had a mortal aversion to all colours except green, yellow, or white; in one of which she always dressed. She has been known to swoon away at the sight of a soldier, and a funeral never failed to throw her into a violent perspiration. She would not eat or drink out of any thing but Queen's ware or pewter; and was as pe-

culiar in what she ate or drank, preferring the muddy water of the Thames to the clearest spring, and meat which had been kept too long to that which was fresh. She preferred the sound of the Jews-harp to the most delicious music, and had in every thing a taste peculiarly her own.

Count de Brancas.—The Count de Brancas was walking in the streets, and the Duke de la Rochefoucault crossed the way to speak to him, "God bless thee, poor man!" exclaimed the Count. Rochefoucault smiled, and was beginning to address him. "Is it not enough, cried the Count, interrupting him and somewhat in a passion; "is it not enough that I have said, at first, I have nothing for you? Such lazy beggars as you hinder a gentleman from walking in the streets." Rochefoucault burst into a loud laugh, and awakening the absent man from his lethargy, he was not a little surprised, himself, that he should have taken his friend for an importunate mendicant.

Isaac Ambrose.—Few works have been more popular with all ranks of people than those of honest Isaac Ambrose, the nonconformist. His thoughts had every year what is called a musing time. It was his regular custom to retire for a month, every summer, to a little hut in a wood, where he shunned all society, and gave himself up entirely to contemplation. When death came to put an end to his labours, he had so strong a presentiment of its approach, that he went round to all his friends, at their own houses, to bid them farewell; and after sending his last finished composition, "A Discourse concerning Angels," to the press, he shut himself up in his parlour to die, and there he was the next day found expiring, in the 72d year of his age.

Clough and Shuter.—Mr. Clough, the actor, had a very peculiar idea of amusement. The most diverting thing in the world, to him, was a public execution; and he would sooner fail in being at the playhouse on the night he was to act, than omit attending the unfortunate culprits to Tyburn, and be a spectator of the horrors of death in their last moments. He was one night at a coffee-house, when hearing the clock strike eleven, he abruptly rose and paid his reckoning: an acquaintance of his, sitting by him, asked, "what is the matter, Clough, your hour is not come yet, you never stir till one?" "Ay," replied Clough, "but do not you know there is business to be done to-morrow, and Ned Shuter and I are to attend?" Ned, who had been up all night in a joyous party, was only in his first sleep when Clough called on him, and could not be prevailed on to rise; Clough set of for the scene of pleasure by himself, vociferating loudly, "was there ever such a fellow? he has no more taste than a Hottentot!"

Hunger.—An extraordinary effect of hunger is mentioned by Holcroft, in his autobiography preserved in his Memoirs by Mr. Hazlitt. He says, "Speaking of scantiness of diet, an incident happened to me, which shews the great power of taste, or rather of imagination, over the appetite, and which ought to be treasured in the memory of children." It must be observed, that Holcroft, at the period of which he speaks, was travelling over the country with his father, then an itinerant trader or pedlar. He goes on to say, "I was travelling after my father in Staffordshire, near to Wolselybridge, where a country gentleman had a seat. I went into the house, whether alone, or for what purpose, I totally forget; but I well remember the fragrant steams of the kitchen, and the longing wishes they excited. As I was going away, a good natured servant said, 'Perhaps you are hungry, little boy?'—to which, bashfully hanging down my head, I answered 'Yes'—'Well, then, stop

a minute, I'll give you something very nice;" and accordingly a large bason of rich pea-soup was brought me, and a spoon. I had never eaten, nor perhaps heard of such a thing before; but the moment I smelt it, and applied it to my palate, I conceived such an excessive dislike to it, that though I felt ashamed, and made every effort, I found it impossible to swallow a spoonful. Some servants were by my side, and one of them asked, 'What! don't you like it? can't you eat it?' To which, perfectly abashed, and again hanging down my head, I replied, 'No!'—'Hab,' said one of them, 'you are a dainty chap, however: I wonder who keeps you, or what it is you like!'—I made no reply; but, hungry as I was, and horribly disappointed, hurried away to overtake my father." Holcroft adds—"I should remark, that since I have grown up, pea-soup has always been a favourite dish with me; perhaps, accustomed as I had been to the plainest food, and empty as my stomach then was, this high-flavoured composition would infallibly excite disgust."

A very healthy old gentleman was once asked in a mixed company, what physician and apothecary he employed, in reference to the unusual vigour and healthfulness of his appearance; he answered, "I have in my earlier days, expended a considerable fortune in the purchase of health, and in the continual search after professional skill and integrity. I have found it in combinations as various as its professors are numerous; but I have in no case found myself so honestly served, or so completely satisfied, as with those I have employed the last twenty years; for during that time, a horse has been my physician, an ass my apothecary."

Dr. Goldsmith.—The following announcement of the death of this eminent writer appeared in one of the journals of the time:

1774, April 4.—Died Dr. Oliver Goldsmith. Deserted is the Village; the Traveller hath laid him down to rest; the Good Natured Man is no more; he Stoops but to Conquer; the Vicar hath performed his sad office; it is a mournful lesson, from which the Hermit may essay to meet the dread tyrant with more than Grecian or Roman fortitude.

Dancing.—Lord Lanesborow of whom Pope speaks in his Moral Epistles, was so fond of dancing, that neither old age nor the gout could deprive him of his pleasure. He danced during the most cruel attacks of that dreadful malady; although it was observed that it sometimes put him a little out of time. At the death of the Prince of Denmark, the husband of Queen Anne, he solicited a particular audience of this princess, for the purpose of representing to her the advantages which her majesty would derive from dancing; as it would dissipate her melancholy, and preserve her health.

Anecdote.—A country juror, having been called in to a coroner's inquisition, was told, from the circumstances of the case [the deceased having coolly and deliberately hung himself] they must bring in their verdict, *felo de se*, and that the unfortunate man must be buried in the cross-road;—which was assented to.—This juror, eager to inform the friends of the poor man of the event, immediately retired to a public house, and wrote to them, innocently but shrewdly, as follows:—"He mun be burrid cross-ways in the highway, because he isn't a gentleman—he moy have lain length-ways loike a Kristian in a church-yard had nat he been found guilty of being a fellow d'ye see."

THE TRAVELLER.

'Tis pleasant, through the loop-holes of retreat
To peep at such a world; to see the stir
Of the great Babel, and not feel the crowd. COWPER.

AN ACCOUNT OF
THE BRAHMUN CASTE OF HINDOOS.
PART II.

The inferior orders of Hindoos are separated from all communion with each other by the law of the caste: they never eat together; and transgression herein would involve the loss of caste, and bring upon the offenders disgrace and ruin. But should a number of shoodras of different orders happen to be at the house of a brahmun, they may all eat there as on privileged ground. Thus the very laws themselves, laws, the violation of which ensures a forfeiture of every thing dear to the individual, are suspended in the presence and at the caprice of those gods upon earth.

No shoodra may perform, through the priest, a brahmun, any ceremony whatever, without presenting gifts to a brahmun.

Should a brahmun beat a shoodra, and should the latter, while enduring the pain, threaten to complain to the magistrate, he is at once pacified by the representation that the brahmun has, in this act, been really conferring a blessing on him.

It might naturally be supposed that such a yoke as this would be so intolerable that men could never be kept under it; that they would revolt and reject such abominable pretensions as these. Let us then survey the massy walls and the iron gratings of this prison-house of the shoodras, and consider the interest which the jailers have in preventing the escape of any of their prisoners.

The penalty connected with the loss of caste is the loss of the whole world. The offender is not only rejected by father, mother, brother, sister, and all that are dear to him, but by all his countrymen. He in vain looks through this inhospitable world; not a hut will open its door to him, and henceforth he can see no more the face of father, mother, brother, or sister, or even of his wife or children. He must tear from his heart every tender tie and recollection, and must hide his head amongst the most degraded outcasts, without the least hope of ever again seeing the faces of those who gave him birth. His own father and mother will run away at his presence, as from one infested by some deadly distemper. Many an individual involved in these circumstances, by his own trespasses, or those of his wife, or some near relative, has abandoned the world, and become a religious mendicant, or has fled to Benares as a place of refuge—or has put an end to his existence. Others have offered a thousand, two thousand, ten thousand, a lack of rupees, to be restored to caste, without success. Here then is a prison, far stronger than any which the civil tyrannies of the world have ever erected; a prison which immures many millions of innocent beings.

We may judge of the interest which the brahmuns have in the continuance of the caste, from the following circumstances:—After the taxes of government and the bare necessities of the body have been provided for, almost the whole property of the productive classes comes into the hands of the brahmuns. The Hindoo legislators have united religious ceremonies with almost every civil transaction: and the performance of these ceremonies is the exclusive right of the brahmuns, and they are ever connected with presents and feasts to brahmuns. From the Kurmu-Lochun, extracts from which have already appeared in the *Friend of India*, it appears that religious ceremonies are multiplied to an almost boundless extent among the Hindoos; a

stronger proof of which can scarcely be given than the circumstances which have occurred respecting this book. After printing it, the publisher finds that the people are absolutely afraid of purchasing and perusing it, because the proofs hereby brought before them of their religious omissions, are so frightfully numerous. The brahmuns, like so many tax-gatherers, present themselves to the poor shoodra at every turn, and demand attention to some ceremony, and the accustomed fee. They work upon his superstition and his fears; they urge the example of his relations and neighbours, they threaten some domestic calamity and the horrors of some degraded birth in futurity, unless the ceremony to which they summon his unwilling attention be performed. A brahmun knows how profitable it is to remind the shoodra, that "the brahmuns are the mouths of the gods."

In Calcutta and its vicinity, multitudes of brahmuns derive their support from trade; but this is not the case in the interior: there, almost every brahmun derives his support from his profession as a priest, from the temple lands, or from the performance of the almost innumerable ceremonies which are enjoined upon the population, of which those connected with weddings and funerals, are the most productive. Still those which are performed for the removal of some evil, or the acquisition of some good, are also a highly fruitful source of revenue, seeing they apply to every object of hope and fear which belongs to the life of an indolent, covetous, and superstitious people. For instance, one man has a religious ceremony performed that such a plan may succeed; another that such a speculation may be profitable; another that such an evil may be removed; and thus the superstitious terrors, the cupidity, and the easily excited hopes of this people are constantly throwing them at the feet of the brahmun, who, like the vulture, is ever on the scent for his prey. To gain a cause in a court of justice, to obtain service, to remove sickness, and on numerous occasions of a similar nature, the brahmun is called to move the gods in favour of the person who presents the fee. In short, the Hindoo never thinks of putting his shoulders to the work of removing the ten thousand real and imaginary ills of life—if a straw lie in his way, he calls the brahmun and entreats him to come with his enchantments to remove it.

A wedding, or a shraddha, affords a fine opportunity for these sons of rapacity; and they are out on the scent after these things with all the eagerness, and sometimes with all the clamour and noise of the Jackal. When a person is ill, and there are little hopes of recovery, the brahmuns who expect to be invited to the feast accompanying the ceremonies after death, begin to calculate the expenses attending the feast, and often pass jokes on the person whose mother perhaps is in the agonies of death. A case is within recollection, when the mother of a voidya was very ill, and continued in this state many weeks. A brahmun, addressing the son of this old woman, and lamenting that she lingered so long, said, "These voidya females never die." Thus the brahmuns, like so many vultures ready to pounce upon their prey, wait with impatience the departure of the soul from the body. On these occasions, a thousand brahmuns at once are sometimes feasted, and carry away as presents bedsteads, horses, boats, cows, palankeens, gold, silver, and brass utensils, silks, shawls, broadcloth, garments, &c. &c. Sometimes as much as two or three thousand rupees are given to the brahmuns merely in cash and food. Where a brahmun finds no employment as a priest, he lives on the community, and wherever he goes he finds the houses, and shops, and purses of

the people open to him as a privileged pensioner.

As the guardians of the caste, therefore, we may naturally suppose that the brahmuns are ever vigilant; and though there are no officers amongst them whose express duty it is to bring delinquents to punishment, yet there is vigilance enough in the whole body on this head: and the prisoners are so completely within their power, and the men of property so ready to throw in the whole weight of their influence to enforce reverence to the priests, that he must be a bold shoodra who shall claim the right to think and act for himself. When even a brahmun offends against this law, the honour of the caste, and the dread of pollution and ruin, rouse all his relatives against him, who are obliged to abandon him, unless a powerful bribe to those at the head of this division of the tribe becomes efficacious.

Thus the whole frame of Hindoo society is anti-social; and this afflicted people are placed under a regular system of organized oppression, extending even to the minutest domestic arrangement, interfering with every part of that intimate and endeared intercourse which can form the only solace of human society, and subjecting every thing sacred in hospitality, in friendship, and family connexions, to the cupidity, the intrusion, the despotic caprice of a wretched inquisitor.

THE DRAMA.

—Whilst the Drama bows to Virtue's cause,
To aid her precepts and enforce her laws,
So long the just and generous will befriend,
And triumph on her efforts still attend. BACON.

LONDON THEATRES.

The Opera House.—A new melodrama was brought forward at this house on the 28th July, entitled *Presumption, or the fate of Frankenstein*; founded on the "Romance of Frankenstein, the modern Prometheus." The interest resembles that which was created by the Vampire and Wood Demon, and its first reception was equal to that of either of these pieces. The following account of its first performance is given in the London papers:—Without pretending to enter minutely into the plot, we shall briefly state that *Frankenstein, the modern Prometheus*, was, according to the Drama, corroborated by the Romance, a much more successful operator than his renowned predecessor. He communicated life, passion, and reason to his subject, and after undergoing many intermediate horrors, was finally sacrificed to the wrath of the gods, by the fall of an avalanche, which not only executed poetical justice upon him, but also upon the being which he had the presumptuous ingenuity to create. Mr. Wallack performed the part of Frankenstein with great ability, but we could have wished to see that he had more to do, though there were some situations sufficient to call forth his powers. The most prominent of these were his first sensations on the success of his experiment—his first meeting with the terrific object of his own creation—his terror upon seeing his infant brother in the gripe of the monster about to destroy him—his agony on the murder of his wife by the same monster or demon, and his combat with him, which was terminated by the fall of a huge mass of snow as already stated. These incidents, however, were, if not altogether, principally confined to the first and last acts. The second afforded him little else to do than inform the audience as to the state of his mind upon hearing of the exploits which his active creation had performed. Mr. T. P. Cooke sustained the part of this new creation to which the play-bills, at no time distinguished for peculiar modesty or hesitation, have not even ventured to give a name. The melo-dramatic talent of this gentleman was perhaps never more

conspicuously displayed. It was for him to signify to the audience by mere dumb shew, the gradual waking of the faculties in a being of full corporeal strength, but in the infancy of mind, and he did so. It is unnecessary to say more in praise of his performance. The next character in point of importance was that of Fritz, a servant, who with a happy knack of absurdity, and some talent at punning, continues to relieve in a great measure the serious cast of the drama. This part was allotted to Mr. Keeley, and as the result proved, was intrusted to very able hands. He dressed, looked, walked, and spoke in the style of a simple humourist, and doing so, he acquitted himself to the life of the character, as was acknowledged by the laughter he occasioned. The singing of Mr. Pearman and Miss Povey was excellent. The piece was itself very favourably received. We know not what objection may be made to the subject, it is certainly liable to some; but if we may judge from the experiment of one night, it forms a fit foundation for melo-dramatic interest, and if the production of wonder be one of its charms, this subject cannot easily be surpassed.

King's Theatre.—A circumstance of some novelty, as regards the conduct of those individuals who are intrusted with the management of theatrical entertainments, recently took place at this house. The first act of the ballet having concluded at about twelve o'clock, the audience after waiting some time for the commencement of the second, observed, with considerable astonishment, that the persons in the orchestra were packing up their instruments and music books. They immediately began to express their disapprobation at this appearance, and demanded an explanation, but nobody came forward to offer any. There was then a call for the manager from all parts of the house. The call was only answered by a partial extinguishment of the lights, upon which the gentlemen in the pit and boxes expressed their indignation by loud groans and hisses, in the midst of which the calls for the manager were frequently repeated, but they were still unattended to. The audience looked at one another with the greatest astonishment at this treatment, for which they could conceive no possible justification. Had it been on Saturday evening, the manager's religious principles would have rendered the matter intelligible at once; but as there was no possibility of intrenching on the Sabbath, they could divine no reason why the performance should be suddenly broken off in the middle of a piece, without at least an apology, or some explanation of the cause. Seeing no prospect of receiving either, they renewed their marks of disapprobation in the pit and boxes, and frequently looked up to the gallery for their effective co-operation in compelling the manager to come forward. The appeal was not misunderstood, and some pence were actually aimed at the chandelier from that quarter. Before, however, the brazen shower thickened sufficiently to do mischief, the gas was suddenly extinguished; and the ladies becoming terrified by the darkness, the audience thought it proper after giving vent to another general burst of indignation, to retire without receiving the satisfaction they required.

AMUSEMENTS FOR THE WEEK.

PARK THEATRE every evening; performance to commence at seven o'clock. Boxes \$1, Pit 50 cents, Gallery 25 cents. PAVILION THEATRE, CHATHAM GARDEN, every evening; performance to commence at half past 7 o'clock; admission 25 cents.

WASHINGTON MUSEUM, Broadway; admission 25 cents.

AMERICAN MUSEUM, Park; admission 25 cents.

PAFF'S GALLERY OF PAINTINGS, Broadway; admission 25 cents.

BIOGRAPHY.

Recollections of Thomson, Pope, Lyttleton, Quin, &c.

A memorandum, appearing in a late number of the London Mirror, of a conversation with Mr. William Taylor, formerly barber and peruke maker, at Richmond, in Surrey, contains many curious particulars of the poets, Thomson and Pope; Lord Lyttleton, Quin, Mallet, Armstrong, &c. The conversation was held in one of the alcoves on Richmond Green, in September 1791, at which time poor Taylor was blind. This alcove was a rural rendezvous for a set of old invalids on nature's infirm list, who met there every afternoon in fine weather to recount and comment on the tales of other times. Taylor said that the late Dr. Dodd had applied to him several years ago for anecdotes and information relative to Thomson.

When this poet first came to London, he took up his abode with Park Egerton, Millar's predecessor, the bookseller near Whitehall, and finished his poem on Winter in the apartment over the shop. It remained on his shelves a long time unnoticed; but after Thomson began to gain some reputation as a poet, he either went himself, or was taken by Mallet, to Millar in the Strand, with whom he entered into new engagements for printing his works, which so much incensed his first patron, and his countryman also, that they never afterwards were cordially reconciled, although Lord Lyttleton took uncommon pains to mediate between them. The following is a minute of the most important part of the conversation.

Mr. Taylor, do you remember any thing of Thomson, who lived in Kew-Lane some years ago? Thomson, Thomson the poet?—Ay, very well. I have taken him by the nose many hundred times; I have shaved him, I believe, seven or eight years or more; he had a face as long as a horse; and he perspired so much, that I remember, after walking one day in summer, I shaved his head without lather by his own desire. His hair was as soft as a camel's. I hardly ever felt such; and yet it grew so remarkably, that if it was but an inch long, it stood upright on an end from his head like a brush. His person I am told was large and clumsy? Yes; he was pretty corpulent, and stooped forward rather when he walked, as though he was full of thought; he was very careless and negligent about his dress, and wore his clothes remarkably plain. Did he always wear a wig? Always in my memory, and very extravagant he was with them. I have seen a dozen at a time hanging up in my master's shop, and all of them so big that nobody else could wear them. I suppose his perspiring to such a degree made him have so many, for I have known him spoil a new one only in walking to London. He was a great walker. I believe? Yes; he used to walk from Malloch's, at Strand on the Green, near Kew-Bridge, and from London, at all hours in the night; he seldom liked to go into a carriage, and I never saw him on horse-back. I believe he was too fearful to ride. Had he a Scotch accent? Very broad: he always called me *Wull*.—Did you know any of his relations? Yes; he had two nephews [cousins?] Andrew and Gilbert Thomson, both gardeners, who were much with him. Andrew used to work in his garden and keep it in order at over hours; he died at Richmond, about eleven years ago, of a cancer in his face. Gilbert, his brother, lived at East Sheen with one Squire Taylor, till he fell out of a mulberry tree and was killed. Did T. keep much company? Yes, a good deal of the *writing sort*. I remember Pope and Patterson, and Malloch, and Lyttleton, and Dr. Armstrong, and

Andrew Millar, the bookseller, who had a house near Thomson's in Kew Lane. Mr. Robertson (one of the company) could tell you more about them. Did Pope often visit him? Very often, he used to wear a light-coloured great coat, and commonly kept it on in the house; he was a strange ill-formed little figure of a man; but I have heard him and Quin, and Patterson, talk together so at Thomson's, that I could have listened to them for ever. Quin was frequently there, I suppose? Yes; Mrs. Hobart, his housekeeper, often wished Quin dead, he made his master drink so. I have seen him and Quin coming from the castle together at four o'clock in the morning, and not over sober you may be sure. When he was writing in his own house, he frequently sat with a bowl of punch before him, and that a good large one too. Did he sit much in his garden? Yes; he had an arbour at the end of it, where he used to sit in summer time. I have known him lie along by himself upon the grass near it, and talk away as though three or four people were with him. Did you ever see any of his writings? I was once tempted, I remember to take a peep; his papers used to lie in a loose pile upon the table in his study, and I had longed for a look at them a good while: so one morning while I was waiting in the room to shave him, and he was longer than usual before he came down, I slipped off the top sheet of paper and expected to find something very curious, but I could make nothing of it. I could not even read it, for the letters looked all like in one. He was very affable in his manner? O yes! he had no pride: he was very free in his conversation, and very cheerful, and one of the best natured men that ever lived. He seldom was much burthened with cash? No, to be sure he was deuced long-winded; but when he had money, he would send for his creditors and pay them all round; he has paid my master between twenty and thirty pounds at a time. You did not keep a shop yourself at that time? No, sir; I lived with one Lander here for twenty years, and it was while I was apprentice and journeyman with him that I used to wait on Mr. T. Lander made his majors and bobs, and a person in Craven Street, in the Strand, made his tie wigs. An excellent customer he was to both. Did you dress any of his visitors? Yes; Quin and Lyttleton, Sir George I think he was called. He was so tender-faced, I remember, and so devilish difficult to shave, that none of the men in the shop dared to venture on him except myself. I have often taken Quin by the nose too, which required some courage, let me tell you. One day he asked particularly if the razor was in good order, protested he had as many barbers' ears in his parlour at home as any boy had birds' eggs on a string, and swore, if I had not shave him smoothly, he would add mine to the number. "Ah," said Thomson, "Well shaves very well, I assure ye." You have seen the Seasons, I suppose? Yes, Sir, and once had a great deal of them by heart (he here quoted a passage from Spring). Shepherd, who formerly kept the Castle Inn, showed me a book of Thomson's writing, which was about the rebellion in 1745, and set to music; but I think he told me not published. The cause of his death is said to have been taking a boat from Kew to Richmond, when he was much heated by walking? No, I believe he got the better of that; but having had a batch of drinking with Quin, he took a quantity of cream of tartar, as he frequently did on such occasions, which, with a fever before, carried him off. [Mr. Robertson did not assent to this.] He lived, I think, in Kew Foot-lane? Yes, and died there, at the furthest house next Richmond Gardens, now Mr. Boscawen's; he lived some time before at a smaller one, higher up, inhabited by

Mrs. Davis. Did you attend him to the last? Sir, I shaved him the very day before his death; he was very weak, but made a shift to sit up in bed. I asked him how he found himself that morning? "Ah, Wull," he replied, "I am very bad indeed." Taylor concluded by giving a hearty encomium on his character.

The following epitaph on Thomson was published in a paltry edition of his works, about the year 1788:

Others to marble may their glory owe,
And boast those honours sculpture can bestow;
Short-lived renown: that every moment must
Sink with its emblem, and consume to dust.
But Thomson needs no artist to engrave,
From dumb oblivion no device to save;
Such vulgar aids let names inferior ask:
Nature for him assumes herself the task;
The Seasons are his monuments of fame,
With them to flourish, as from them it came.

ARTS AND SCIENCES.

Science has sought, on weary wing,
By sea and shore, each mute and living thing
CAMPBELL.

A comparative view of the state of Medical Science among the Ancients and Moderns, its revolutions in different periods of the world, and an enumeration of some of the errors which check its progress. Read before the Medical Society of the City and County of New-York. By JOHN STEARNS, M. D.

PART II.

If any among the Hebrews were equally versed with Moses in the arts and sciences of Egypt, this knowledge was probably lost in the wilderness, and in their subsequent devotion to a military life in the occupation and government of the land of Canaan. And it was not till the splendid reign of Solomon, that we find any allusion to the revival of learning. His superior wisdom, his culture of an unrivalled style of architecture, and of the arts in general; his sentimental writings, the allusion to his publications upon medicine and botany, and his splendid wealth, fortify the opinion that his age was as much distinguished for attainments in science as he was for pre-eminent intellectual endowments. This literary era probably continued during the tranquillity and wise policy which distinguished the government of Solomon, until the Jews became involved in destructive wars, which terminated in their subjugation and final dispersion among other nations. This event, however, contributed to disseminate science at the court of Babylon, where Daniel and his associates were so pre-eminently distinguished.

Although we cannot trace the precise course and causes of the decline of learning in Egypt, there is however no doubt of its destruction, and subsequent revival in the establishment of the Alexandrian Library in the year 283 before Christ. This distinguished event rendered it a place of general resort for the literati of all countries. It became the theatre of learning for Greece and Rome, produced an Euclid, and furnished Hippocrates and the Arabian physicians with the means of collecting and transmitting to succeeding ages a portion of the medical science of that enlightened era. Their writings exhibit a simplicity of practice, founded upon correct principles, derived from an actual observation of diseased nature. From these ancient records much has been adopted in modern practice, and claimed as novel discoveries of no ordinary merit. Among these may be included, the affusion of cold water in fevers, which was the common practice of Hippocrates, and has ever since been continued among the nations of the east.

The critical days and other phenomena of disease were marked with an accurate simplicity, unknown to the complicated speculations of succeeding theorists.

Although Hippocrates was entitled to

much merit in his profession, yet a knowledge of the history of medicine previous to his time, would probably have detracted from his honours, and especially from his title as the father of physic. That enlightened era, one thousand years before his time, which was distinguished for the erection of the stupendous monuments of Egypt, must have been equally eminent for the production of men skilled in the science of medicine, whose writings reached the time of Hippocrates, and probably formed a part of the Alexandrian Library. When Egypt had become a Roman province, this library, which had continued three hundred years, was entirely destroyed, and with it had nearly perished every vestige of human science. When we reflect how small was the number of books before the invention of printing, we may reasonably conclude that nearly all the works of antiquity were collected in this institution, the loss of which was succeeded by another era of ignorance, from which Egypt has never since recovered. With the removal of the seat of empire to Rome, was transferred the literary reputation of this and every other subjugated province. The mistress of the world, however, disposed to cultivate science, could not long enjoy its undisturbed possession. The barbarians of the north, equally hostile to civilization and to science, succeeded in the destruction of both, and in accelerating that dark period which buried the world in gross ignorance. The revival of learning at the termination of this age of obscurity, aided by the invention of the art of printing, may be considered as the real infancy of that era of science, which has ever since continued to illumine the world with increasing lustre.

But although the facility of publishing, and the consequent multiplicity of books, may prevent the occurrence of those periods of ignorance, which have so often darkened the world, yet medical science has not had that regularly progressive march towards perfection, which this enlightened age would have given us reason to expect. A variety of causes has retarded its progression, and in some instances given it a retrograde course. Among these may be enumerated the following.

1st. The multiplicity of books.

Although a judicious selection of books essentially facilitates the diffusion of knowledge, their indiscriminate excess may check improvement and the cultivation of genius. The indolent rely too much upon the information of others, the mind ceases to reflect, and genius to invent, and while both thus retrograde from inaction, memory is the only quality of the mind that is exercised and improved.

This constitutes a prominent distinction between the ancients and the moderns. The former had more genius, the latter more learning; the former studied nature, the latter books; the former minutely observed the symptoms of disease as they occurred in concurrence and succession, the latter copied them from others.

I would not however be supposed to intimate that wise and judicious publications may not essentially aid the investigation of true science. I object only to that indiscriminate rubbish which loads the shelves of our libraries, obscures the mind of the student, mingles error in all his attainments, and produces a perpetual retrogression from the truth.

2d. The too hasty introduction of new systems of physic.

In reviewing the various systems of medicine which have been obtruded upon the medical public, it would afford much gratification to be enabled to state, that the primary object of each author was the more perfect elucidation of truth, and that each had contributed towards the general improvement of medical sci-

ence. But I regret to observe that while some light has been shed by impartial inquirers, others have obscured science, by speculations more indicative of a brilliant imagination, than of a sound judgment honestly exerted in the cause of truth. Each has had his period of domination, and each in succession has yielded to a more popular author, strongly recommended by an interested reviewer, aided by the charms of novelty and the plausibility of sophistical reasoning, fortified by factitious cares which never occurred in practice. It will afford very little cause for triumph to the advocates for the progressive advancement of medical science,—to prove from actual experience that this progression has always assumed the form of a circle. The truth of this remark is elucidated by a retrospective view of the successive fate, the alternate rejection and revival of the doctrines of morbid matter, and the humoral pathology of the ancients, of the vascular system of Hoffman and Cullen, the excitability of Brown, the sensorial power of Darwin, the unity of disease of Rush, with the ephemeral opinions of a host of others. I trust it will be superfluous to exhibit a minute and tedious detail of facts, to afford additional evidence of the alternate progression and retrogression of medical science. The sudden and total demolition of the humoral pathology, which for ages had been deemed a standard doctrine in medicine; the stigma of ridicule and heresy, which for half a century attached to every advocate of its exploded principles, and the complete establishment of the vascular system upon its ruins, evince how much a popular teacher may revolutionize public opinion and even impart to his unstable doctrines the imperative authority of a distinguished university. Numerous errors connected with this system and inculcated from such high authority, have consequently mingled with every doctrine which succeeding theorists have thought proper to project. The sudden extinction of each by the first glare of light, evinces the error of its fundamental principles, and designates the point of departure from the unerring standard of truth. It is with no ordinary satisfaction, that I have witnessed a partial abandonment of these principles, and a revival of the doctrines of Boerhaave in the medical school of New-York, where the acute reasoning, sound deductions, and important facts, treasured in the writings of this able professor and of his learned commentator, are taught to assume their proper station in our libraries, from which they had long been discarded by works infinitely inferior in merit. These vacillations in opinion, and revivals of old systems, have been equally conspicuous in the science of chemistry. The doctrines of Lavoisier, which effected such an entire change in the fundamental principles of this science, were found to have been taught by Mayhew and V. Hook 300 years before.

Errata in Part I. published last Saturday.
In the 3d column, 18th line from bottom, for "received" read "revived."
17th ditto, for "I might" read "I might."

On the native country of the wild Potato, with an account of its culture in the garden of the Horticultural Society, London. By JOSEPH SABINE, Esq. F. R. S. &c.

The possession of the native wild potato has been long a desideratum, and from the great importance and extensive use of the cultivated root, the subject of course became an object of attention to the Horticultural Society. In my communications with the society's correspondents on the other side of the Atlantic, this was pointed out as one of the most interesting objects to which their attention could be directed; and it is with no small satisfaction that I am able to

state that our inquiries have been successful.

Great doubts have existed as to what part of the new world the natural habitat of the *Solanum tuberosum* or potato should be assigned; and the question is even now a matter of discussion among botanists of the greatest eminence. The vegetable in its cultivated state, was first known in this country (England) as the potato of Virginia; I conceive, however, that there can be little doubt that the plants which Sir Walter Raleigh found in that colony, and transferred to Ireland, had been previously introduced there from some of the Spanish territories, in the more southern parts of that quarter of the globe; for had the potato been a native of any district now forming part of the United States, it would before this time have been found and recognised by the botanical collectors who have traversed and examined those countries.

From the Baron de Humboldt's observations on the potato in Mexico, it seems certain that it is not wild in the south western part of North America; nor is it known, otherwise than as a garden plant in any of the West India islands. Its existence, therefore, remains to be fixed in South America, and it seems now satisfactorily proved, that it is to be found both in elevated places in the tropical regions and in the more temperate districts on the western coasts of the southern part of that division of the new world.

According to Molina, it grows abundantly in the fields of Chili, and in its natural state is called by the natives *maglia*, producing when uncultivated, small and bitter tubers. The Baron de Humboldt asserts, that it is not indigenous in Peru, nor on any part of the Cordilleras situated under the tropics. But this statement is contradicted by Mr. Lambert on the authority of Don Jose Pavon and of Don Francisco Zea; the former of whom says, that he and his companions, Dombey and Ruiz, has not only gathered the *Solanum tuberosum* wild in Chili, but also in Peru, in the environs of Lima; and the latter has assured Mr. Lambert, that he had found it growing in the forests near Santa Fe de Bogota. The above account of Pavon is further confirmed by the evidence of a specimen gathered by him in Peru, and now forming a part of the herbarium of Mr. Lambert, with the name of "*Potatas del Peru*." Mr. Lambert in his communication to the Journal of Science and the Arts, which I have referred to, supposes that the wild potato is to be found on the eastern as well as the western and northern sides of South America.

Early in the spring of the present year, Mr. Caldcleugh, who had been some time resident at Rio Janerio, in the situation of secretary to the British minister at that court, where he had been indefatigable in his exertions to forward the objects of the Horticultural Society, returned to England, having previously taken a journey across the country, and visited the principal places on the western coasts of South America. Among many articles of curiosity which he brought with him, were two tubers of the wild potato, which he sent to me.

These two tubers were exhibited to the society, and a drawing made of them before they were planted. Had there been a third, I should have been tempted to have satisfied myself as to the real flavour, which Mr. Caldcleugh, as well as Molina, describes as bitter. They were planted separately in small pots, and speedily vegetated; they grew rapidly, and were subsequently turned out into a border at about two feet distance from each other, when they became very strong and luxuriant. The blossoms at first were but sparingly produced, but as the plants were earthed up, they increased in vigour, and then bore flowers abundantly; but these were not succeeded by fruit. The flower was

white, and differed in no respect from those varieties of the common potato which have white blossoms. The leaves were compared with specimens of several varieties of the cultivated potato, which generally were rather of a more rugose and uneven surface above, and with the veins stronger and more conspicuous below, but in other respects there was no difference between them. The pinulae which grew on the sides of the petiole, between the pinnae of the leaves were few, not near so numerous as in some varieties of the cultivated potato; but in specimens of other varieties that were examined, their leaves were destitute of pinulae, so that the existence of these appendages does not appear to be essentially a characteristic as has been supposed, and as is stated in the supplement to the Encyclopedia.

The earth with which the plants had been moulded up had been applied in considerable quantity, so as to form a ridge, the sides of which were full two feet high; and about the month of August, runners from the roots and joints of the covered stems protruded themselves towards the surface of the ridge in great numbers, and when they reached the light, formed considerable stems, bearing leaves and blossoms, so that at length the two plants became one mass of many apparently different plants issuing from all sides of the ridge. The appearance of these runners in such quantities induced a doubt as to the identity of the plant with our common potato, which doubt was increased when it was ascertained that so late as the month of August, no tubers had been found by the roots. The runners were, however, no otherwise different from what are formed by the cultivated potato underground, except that they were more vigorous, as well as more numerous.

The plants have recently been taken up, and all doubt respecting them is removed; they are unquestionably the *Solanum tuberosum*. The principal stems, when extended, measured more than seven feet in length; the produce was most abundant, above six hundred tubers were gathered from the two plants; they are of various sizes, a few as large or larger than a pigeon's egg, others as small as the original ones, rather angular, but more globular than oblong; some are white, others marked with blotches, with pale red or white. The flavour of them when boiled, was exactly that of a young potato.

The compost used in moulding up the plants, was very much saturated with manure, and to this circumstance I attribute the excessive luxuriance of the growth of the stems; had common garden mould been applied, they would not probably have grown so strong, and I suppose that whilst the plants were thus rapidly making stems and leaves, the formation of the tubers was delayed, for the production of these, has been the work of the latter part of the season; they cannot be called fully ripe, nor have they attained the size which they probably might have done if they had been formed earlier.

They will, however, answer perfectly for the purpose of reproduction (or for seed as it is technically called,) and they are in sufficient plenty to be subjected to treatment similar to a common crop of potato. The result of another year's experience is necessary to enable us fully to observe on the merits and value of this new introduction; but the following changes already appear to have been attended its subjection to cultivation:—the produce is most abundant, the tubers have lost all their bitterness of flavour, which is attributed to them in the natural state, and their size is increased remarkably; from all which circumstances I am disposed to infer, that the original cultivators of this vegetable did not exercise either much art or patience in the production of their garden potatoes.

SCIENTIFIC AND LITERARY NOTICES FROM FOREIGN JOURNALS.

Action of animal charcoal on lime.—Animal charcoal is not only capable of separating colouring matter and extractive from solution, but will even remove lime from them. This may be proved according to Payen, by boiling 100 parts of lime water for a few seconds with 10 parts of animal charcoal, and then testing the clear liquor by oxalate of ammonia, not a particle of lime will be found in it. Vegetable charcoal, or lamp-black, do not produce this effect.

On the clarification of Wine.—There is sold in France, and at a very high price, relative to its value, a reddish brown powder for clarifying wines. It is prescribed, in employing it, to put into a vessel the quantity of water or wine, which is usually mixed with whites of eggs, to sprinkle gently the powder on the liquid; and, when it is well mingled, to pour the mixture into a cask, finishing the operation in the usual way. Mr. Gay Lussac says, that the clarifying powder is nothing but dried blood, and that he has prepared some with particular care in the desiccation, which was even superior to that on sale. The whites of two eggs contain as much albumen (which is the sole clarifying principle) as the dose of powder prescribed for the clarification of a cask of 200 litres. It will be found more beneficial to make use of the white of egg, both in reference to economy, and to that of the bad odour of glue, possessed by the solution of dried blood, which might affect the flavour of the wines. Mr. Gay Lussac has prepared a powder, with the whites of eggs dried, which has not the same inconveniences as blood, which mixes easily with water, and clarifies very well.

On Virgin Wax.—Sig. Bizio has separated wax into two substances: it is to be boiled in alcohol until it is dissolved, and the solution then allowed to cool, and its temperature lowered 10° or 20° below the freezing point; a large quantity of white matter then separates, which is the wax; and there remain in solution the colouring principle, and an acid substance which strongly reddens tincture of turnsole. The solid precipitate being separated by a filter, the fluid was evaporated, and left a fatty substance, of the consistence of butter, of a yellow colour, having the odour of honey, and melting at a temperature of 116° F.

The following publications are announced in the late English papers:

The Geography, History, and Statistics of America and the West Indies; exhibiting a correct account of the Discovery, Settlement, and Progress of the various Kingdoms, States, and Provinces of the Western Hemisphere, to the year 1822. By H. C. Carey and J. Lea, of Philadelphia.

Memorable Days in America; being a Journal of a Tour to the United States, principally undertaken to ascertain, by positive evidence, the condition and probable prospects of British Emigrants; including accounts of Mr. Birkbeck's Settlement in the Illinois; and intended to show men and things as they are in America. By W. Faux, an English Farmer.

Remarks on the Country extending from Cape Palmas to the River Congo, including Observations on the Manners and Customs of the Inhabitants; with an appendix, containing an Account of the European Trade with the West Coast of Africa. By Captain John Adams.

Provisionary Constitution of Greece, translated from the second edition, printed at Corinth, and accompanied with the Original Greek, to which are prefixed a Letter to the Senate of the Greek Confederation, and a general view of the origin and progress of the Revolution. By a Grecian Eye Witness.

History of Suli and Parga, containing their Chronology and their Wars, particularly those with Ali Pacha, Prince of Greece. Written originally in Modern Greek, and translated into English from the Italian of C. Gherardini, of Milan, Corresponding Member of the Ionian Academy.

Historical View of the Literature of the South of Europe. By M. de Sismondi. Translated

from the Original, with notes. By Thomas Roscoe, Esq.

Bibliotheca Britannica; or a General Index to the Literature of Great Britain and Ireland, Ancient and Modern, with such Foreign Works as have been translated into English, or printed in the British Dominions; including also a copious Selection from the writings of the most celebrated Authors of all Ages and Nations. By Robert Watt, M. D.

Flora Domestica; or The Portable Flower Garden, with Directions for the treatment of Plants in Pots, and illustrations from the Works of the Poets.

A work is about to be published, from the pen of the late Lady Tyravley; which is likely to make a great sensation. This lady long moved in the world of Literature and Fashion. She was the favourite niece of Bishop Marlay, a prelate distinguished as the friend and companion of Mr. Edmund Burke, Mr. Malone, Mr. Windham, Dr. Goldsmith, Dr. Johnson, Sir Joshua Reynolds, Lord Charlemont, and the most illustrious of his contemporaries. With her justly famed kinsman, Mr. Grattan, Lady T. also maintained the strictest intimacy.

LITERATURE.

If criticisms are wrong, they fall to the ground of themselves; if they are just, whatever can be said against them, does not defeat them. The critics never yet hurt a good work. MARQUIS D'ARGENS.

A Year in Europe; comprising a journal of observations in England, Scotland, Ireland, France, Switzerland, the North of Italy, and Holland in 1818 and 1819. By JOHN GRISCOM; Professor of Chemistry, &c. in the New-York Institution.—2 vols. 8vo.

We have so often discovered the statements contained in the writings of modern travellers to be erroneous, that there is probably no species of literature against which we are more apt to feel a prejudice. When we opened the book which is now before us, our scepticism was, therefore, as usual on the alert; but we had not proceeded far in its perusal, until we perceived in it a tone of candour and honesty, from which we felt that it would be unjust to withhold our confidence. We, in consequence, read it with a satisfaction the more agreeable, because it was unexpected; and we feel no hesitation in recommending it to our readers as a production from which they will obtain a more correct view of the present state of society in Europe, than any that has recently come under our observation.

The feelings with which Mr. Griscom visited the old world, seem to have been of the most liberal and amiable description. His preconceived impressions appear, in no instance, to have amounted to prejudice. Whenever they were erroneous in relation to the places he visited, they were soon detected by his sagacity, and acknowledged by his candour.

Sagacity and candour are, indeed, the most useful qualities that a traveller who means to communicate his observations to the public, can possess. By the one he is enabled to select judiciously, and by the other to represent fairly, the various objects that strike his mind as he passes along, and concerning which he intends to inform the reader. That Mr. Griscom possesses these qualities, in a degree much superior to the common run of book-writing travellers, his work bears ample testimony. No party or faction of men, except the philanthropic and the virtuous, seem to have enlisted his partialities, or obtained any undue influence over his pen. Whatever strikes him as right or wrong, he freely reports as such, without regard to sect or system. When he censures, it is when evident evil has taken place; and when he applauds, it is when practical good has been produced, no matter from what order of theoretical opinions it has resulted. When he reasons, he is seldom abstract, and some may say, never profound; but his arguments are always sensible, without being absolutely commonplace. He never occasions us to pause to explore the meaning of a mystical sentence, or to censure the affectation of a pedantic expression.

This perspicuity of thought and diction, is one of the most attractive qualities that can be possessed by any species of writing; but in a book of travels it is altogether indispensable. The reader of such a book is never pleased to have his progress through pages which profess to communicate facts concerning the really existing state of men and things, bewildered by metaphysical disquisitions, or obstructed by unexpected masses of affected ornament tripping him at every step. The doctrines to be taught, and the inferences to be drawn from the facts stated, may sometimes be briefly mentioned with a good effect, because it varies the topic, and relieves the work from monotony; although indeed, in skilful hands there is but little danger of a book of travels becoming monotonous. But hypothetical reasonings and controversial discussions ought never to be admitted into such productions. The generality of readers are inclined to believe that they know as much about these matters as the author. They will be thankful for the facts; but they conceive that they are themselves capable of drawing the inferences without his assistance.

From these considerations, we think, that it was judicious in our author to give us facts rather than opinions; and we have no doubt that the circumstance will tend much to promote the popularity, and consequently the utility of his book. We mean not to say that he never advances opinions. He does so frequently; but it is always concisely, and without dogmatism, so that even where we are not disposed to agree with him, we do not feel displeased. He touches a doubtful topic with modesty and good nature; and, what is better, he soon leaves it for the introduction of something new and less controvertible.

The style of the work is pleasing. It is unaffected, plain, and perspicuous; seldom florid, and never pompous. Metaphors are sometimes found in it, but they always suit their places so naturally, that the author seems to have introduced them rather as the readiest mode of expression than as ornaments. There are, it is true, in this, as in every English work of any length, various sentences deficient in grammatical accuracy. But we despise pedantic criticism; and we conceive that where the general structure of the style is clear and agreeable, true taste will never descend to quarrel about the misplacing of a particle, or the neglect of some of the minor rules of syntax. Grace and elegance of language do not depend on the dicta of grammarians; otherwise Bentley and Lindley Murray would be more engaging writers than Shakspeare, and the author of Waverley. No accuracy can make dulness pleasing, nor can an occasional negligence diminish the fascination that always surrounds the productions of genius. The reason is plain; we judge of accuracy without emotion, but the touches of genius never fail to affect the heart.

That Mr. Griscom is capable of writing a graceful and polished style, without losing sight of force and accuracy, the following animated and truly graphical description of the celebrated Boulevards of Paris will abundantly testify. We may remark, that we consider our author particularly happy in his descriptions, and this book contains many passages not inferior in picturesque elegance to that which we here select.

"Very few Englishmen, and still fewer Americans, will be induced to consider Paris, on the whole, as an elegant city. The gardens and public squares, the palaces and private hotels of the nobility, and of some wealthy citizens, are in a style of magnificence unequalled, as I believe, by any town in Great Britain; and in the United States, we have certainly nothing that bears any comparison with them. The Boulevards also combine

the advantages of a wide and beautiful promenade, with a display of superb mansions, public fountains, tea gardens, shops, &c. They consist of a very wide street, which extends in an irregular circle, nearly around the whole city, forming a circumference of almost seven miles. Two rows of majestic elms grow upon each side, whose branches almost interlace each other, forming a natural arcade on each side of the centre. The space between them is gravelled for the benefit of foot passengers. This extended and remarkable promenade was once the boundary of the city, and then was covered with turf, and was much resorted to for playing at bowls; hence the name Boulevards,—an abbreviation of "boules sur le vert." This is in all probability the most commodious, and most frequented public walk in Europe. Here all classes have the liberty of amusing themselves; and it is here that the gaiety of Paris is witnessed in its most variegated forms. In the afternoon and evening, these walks are lined with a double or treble row of chairs, which can be hired by the passengers for a sous each—a rate so cheap, that the fashionable lounge can sometimes afford to appropriate five of them to his indulgence, one for his body, and one for each of his four limbs, while the motley group which surrounds him, contributes not a little to his entertainment. In this multifarious assemblage, are ballad-singers, dancers, both children and dogs; conjurers, puppet shows, merryandrews, and fortune tellers; men with castles inhabited with white mice, which play a thousand antics in their different apartments; fortresses guarded by a regiment of canary birds, which perform their evolutions with great precision; caricaturists or grimacers, who change their faces into a rapid succession of odd and singularly grotesque forms, which no risible muscles can well withstand: these, and many other contrivances are performed with unwearied exertions to please, and by persons thankful for the voluntary sous, which may be thrown them. Intermingled with these tricks is a display of fruit women and flower girls, musicians, hydrostatic experiments, and other allurements, which convert the Boulevards of Paris into a place of daily amusement, highly characteristic of the people of this metropolis and nation."

Mr. Griscom had a better opportunity than perhaps any other recent American traveller, of imparting to his work a source of interest, which we have not yet noticed, but which to every intelligent mind on this side of the Atlantic, must be one of the very highest description. This was owing to the ready access he had to many of those celebrated literary and scientific characters, that at present reflect so much honour upon the countries they inhabit. Who can read without a thrill of delight, the animating narratives he has given of his interviews with the illustrious learned of London, Edinburgh, and Paris, those lights of the world, to whom science, arts, and letters owe so much! Human nature never, perhaps, at any one era afforded a more brilliant constellation of geniuses, than at present ornaments the intellectual horizon of Europe, and shines with especial lustre on the British Islands. From the most distinguished of these our amiable and intelligent author, received the most hospitable and honourable attention; and from the strong impression which their persons, manners, domestic habits, and social enjoyments made on his acute and penetrating mind, many of the most attractive pages of the interesting volumes we have just perused, have resulted. We conclude by expressing a hope that the American public will justly appreciate the merit of these volumes, and show the world that he who writes a good book amongst us, does not always remain unrewarded.

EDITORIAL NOTICES.

No. 26. of Vol. II. of the MINERVA will contain the following articles:

POPULAR TALES.—*Gustavus and Adeline The Miser.*

THE TRAVELLER.—*Italy and the Italians in the 19th Century.* No. 1.

THE DRAMA.—*The Force of Love; a Dramatic Sketch.*

BIOGRAPHY.—*The Poet Chatterton.*

ARTS AND SCIENCES.—*A comparative View of the State of Medical Science among the ancients and moderns.* By John Stearns, M.D. No. III. *The Formation of Hail. The Arracacha of South America. Properties of Tobacco and Snuff. Scientific and Literary Notices from Foreign Journals.*

LITERATURE.—*The Spectre of the Forest, or the Annals of Housatonic; a New England Romance.* By the author of "the Wilderness."

POETRY.—*"Night," and "Time;"* By Florio. *"Colombia Free, and I sat me on a bank of Thyme;"* By Frances Wright; with other pieces.

GLEANER, RECORD, ENIGMAS, CHRONOLOGY.

THE RECORD.

—A thing of Shreds and Patches!—HAMLEY.

On the 10th inst. the opening of the Great Lock on the Hudson above Troy, for the passage of vessels, was celebrated with every mark of distinction and great demonstrations of joy.

The people of New-Haven and of the district of country from thence to Farmington, are engaged in arrangements for constructing the canal to lead from New-Haven to Massachusetts.

Mr. Dennison, of Albany, has twenty-five different kinds of plum trees in his garden, which produce such an abundance, beyond the supply of his family and friends, as to enable him to dispose of 600 dollars worth, in the public market, in one season.

Excellent molasses has been made in S. Carolina from the juice of water-melons boiled down.

Mr. Thomas Eichelberger in Pennsylvania has obtained 40 barrels of wine this season from the grapes which he raised on 10 acres of ground.

A single stalk of Millet, raised at Lebanon, N. J. the present season, produced one hundred and thirty tresses, one of which counted sixty-six seeds, but allowing an average of fifty, the stock of millet must have contained six thousand five hundred seeds!

While two men were searching for geological specimens, on the farm of E. Hammond, Esq. in the town of Cambria, near Lockport, they dug up a mass of human skeletons. One of the thigh bones was uncommonly large, and the subject when alive, must have been near seven feet high.

MARRIED.

Mr. Amos Leland to Miss Hannah Rattoone. Mr. Hamilton Mitchell to Miss Fanny Reiley. Mr. John W. Blumer to Mrs. Ann Fraser.

Mr. Michael Diefendorf to Miss Hannah Sculley.

Mr. Daniel Bloomfield to Miss Sally Ann Ferguson.

Mr. Ezra Bloomfield to Miss Eliza Ferguson.

Mr. Reuben Rowley to Miss Eliza Ann Pell.

Mr. Michael Diefendorf to Miss Hannah S. Kelly.

Mr. William Plain to Miss Sarah Clark.

Mr. Abraham Masterton to Miss Hannah Deremer.

Mr. Henry W. Minugh to Miss Marian Morrison.

Mr. George G. Campbell to Miss Sarah S. Ormes.

DIED.

Mrs. Susannah Lord, aged 23 years.

Catharine S. Van Gieson, aged 42 years.

Mr. Francis Passman, aged 61 years.

Augusta Matilda Wenman, aged 3 years.

Mr. Joseph Watkins, aged 37 years.

Miss Mary Nexsin.

Mrs. Hill, aged 68 years.

Miss Margaret Mead, aged 23 years.

Miss Mary Bellamy, aged 15 years.

Mrs. Sarah B. Bellamy, aged 33 years.

Mr. Charles Steward, aged 21 years.

Mr. Abraham Pool.

Mr. Leonard Wales, Esq. aged 35 years.

Mr. John Shaw, aged 59 years.

Mr. John Ward, Esq. aged 61 years.

POETRY.

"It is the gift of POETRY to hallow every place in which it moves; to breathe round nature an odour more exquisite than the perfume of the rose, and to shed over it a tint more magical than the blush of morning."

For the Minerva.

LOSS OF THE FIDDLE-BOW.

The following lines are founded on the supposed loss of a celebrated musical amateur, who, voyaging from White-hall Slip to Communipaw, lost his fiddle-bow overboard, and disappointed the lovers of harmony in that place.

J. T. & Co.

"I cannot but remember such things were,
That were more precious to me."—SHAKESPEARE.
Hush'd be the Zephyrs on Pannonia's^{*} shore,
Whilst we Dandelo's[†] direful loss deplore:
When journeying far from Gotham's smoky way,
He steer'd his course o'er her romantic bay,
And his frail bark th' eddying surges broke,
Responsive murmuring to the oarsman's stroke,
Yet on Lucaya's coast by tempests tost;
Oh, sad to tell! his fiddle-bow was lost;
He anxious sought Communipaw's fated strand,
The fairest region in Pannonia's land,
Where oysters are in clustering plenty found,
And long for buttermilk and cabbages renown'd.

Descend, oh Muse! from thy Parnassian bower,
Lead us thy aid, at least for half an hour,
And let thy rays of inspiration beam,
That we in strains, comporting with the theme,
May tell the astonished world the mournful tale,
Dandelo for his fiddle lost was wont to wail.

That fiddle, whose euphrating tones amazed
The coal-black negroes as they grinn'd and gazed,
When oft on Jersey's shore its creaking strains
Woke the wild passion 'mong her sable swains,
Wondering that such melodious sounds should flow
From reeds, caigut, and a horsehair bow;
For if with glee he scraped some lively air,
They quick a dance went through devoid of care;
But if a funeral dirge he mournful play'd,
Their slow unwilling steps they lingering long delay'd.

And when the Euterpean throng in Jennings' hall
Held their last concert and their social ball,
Our hero's fiddle shone with lustre bright,
As starry orb on some cold winter's night.
Who that was there that eve will soon forget,
When connoisseurs and amateurs were met,
Their skill to show on fiddle, harp, and lute,
With clam and conchshell, clarinet, and flute,
That then his fiddle notes full well were known,
Reverberating through th' assembly and spacious dome!

Time has roll'd on since that eventful day,
But still the loss upon his mind doth prey;
At times the tears in quick succession roll
Down his pale cheeks—his thoughts—his very soul
Seem so engross'd with fiddle strings and bows,
He minds not what he does, nor cares, nor knows.

* Pannonia according to Nickerbocker, was the ancient name of New-Jersey.
† Anciently Dandy. † Gibbet Island.

For the Minerva.

ON VIEWING THE RUINS OF BURNSIDE.

Is this then all that now remains of thee?
Deserted houses, and bleak mould'ring walls?
Is this then all that we will ever see
For the cottar's lone Ben, and the Laird's smiling Hall;
O time! (remorseless one) quick hurries on,
And mid his wreck, sweet *Burnside*, thou art gone!

Upon that wall I see the ivy climb,
As it would fondly hug it from decay,
But 't cannot save it from the wrath of time;
For friendly ivy, and the wall must fade away;
And nought to future ages will remain—
Traceless, as air-built castles of the brain.

Methinks, I see the time that once has been,
When thou, *Burnside*, wert lovely to the view,
Methinks, I see thy once so pleasant green,
And light-heel'd healthy lasses, skipping o'er its dew;
But now, do docks and wild briars o'ergrow
That bonny spot, that paradise below.

Methinks, I see a summer evening pass,
When thou wert blooming; and in healthy glee
Methinks, I see each ploughman with his lass,
Dance o'er that green, to some rude minstrel's melody.
But ah! those forms so sprightly and so gay,
Sleep 'neath the turf, mix'd with their kindred clay.

Now where the rose and lily us'd to grow,
The polka-nous henlock there usurps the place;
And where the snow-white gowans us'd to blow,
Is quite o'er-run with nettles and the weedy race.
And mournful is the Thrush and Linnet's song—
They wail for thee, the summer morning long.

I've seen the rustic, callous, pass thee by,
(In thee, perhaps, his ancestors were bred)
And I have seen him point without a sigh,
To where repose the ashes of thy mouldering dead;
When thoughtless man blooms in life's healthy path,
Little thinks he of the lone sleep of death.

Like thee, *Burnside*, 'twill shortly be my lot,
To be in ruins, tenantless, and low;—
And like thee too, I soon will be forgot,
And pass to nought, as flowers of other years' blow.
How few on earth could ever purchase fame,
And die, assured of a deathless name.

Then, let me die: 'tis our escapeless doom;
For when death call'd, no mortal yet could stay;
But O! I wish some modest Rose may bloom
Upon my grave, that, after years have roll'd away,
Some one may view that flow'r and speak of me,
As I, sweet *Burnside*, have this day of thee.

ALPHEA.

For the Minerva.

On the Star of the Legion of Honour, worn by General Berton at the battle of Waterloo, and on the day of his death, and presented by the sons of the deceased to General La Fayette.

BY FRANCES WRIGHT.

Cold is the heart which beat beneath thee, star
Of Gallie honour! Cold—for ever cold!
Oh—had the blood flow'd in the tide of war,
Which stains thy motto and thy rays of gold!

No! not upon the field where erst thou shone
A beacon on the soldier's heart of flame,
When, courting death, he led his comrades on
To bleed for independence more than fame;

No! not upon that day of sad disaster,
When from thy motto Fortune turn'd her eye,
And gave to strangers and a coward master,
The brave who were not bless'd enough to die;

No! on that day Fate mock'd the soldier's prayer—
Alas! 'twas not in mercy—not to save!
He lived to feel his country's shame, and share
A patriot's anguish, and a martyr's grave!

And there are those who dare blaspheme his name,
And call him traitor whom a traitor sold!
Speak! answer for the dead, thou star of fame!
*Honour and Country.—Berton's life is sold.

Eclipsed star! Sleep, sleep upon that breast,
Where Gallia finds her hope amid her sorrow!
Sleep! like the sun who sinks unto his rest,
That he may rise with fresher'd beams to-morrow.

Sleep on that heart as on a holy shrine,
When liberty in secret hoards her flame;
When 'gras'd in characters more deep than thine,
The sons of France behold their country's name.

Sleep, where the pious hand of filial love
Hath laid thee in the name of th' honoured dead;
The murder'd Patriot, from the realms above
Beheld the solemn gift—and bow'd his head.

* *Honneur et Patrie*: the motto of the order.

For the Minerva.

TO MARY.

How frail is beauty! 'tis a gaudy flow'r,
A poppy which delighteth but the eye;
Whose charms endure a transient morning hour,
And scarcely bloom consummate are they die.

But in sweet Mary, temper's winning charm,
Shall bid her beauty youth's fair morn survive;
Time's hand of all its withering force disarm,
And of his pinions fickle love deprive.

Sweet is the hour when evening's placid star
Sheds dewy treasures on the thirsty vale,
And breezes wake, and blossoms fling afar
Their balmy fragrance on the gentle gale.

And sweet when Morning, with her rosy lip,
Kisses away the dew that eve supplies,
And roves the epicurean bee to sip
The holed banquet in each flower that lies:

But dewy eve or rosy lipped morn,
The holed store or fragrance of the flow'r,
Less sweet than temper, whose mild charms adorn
The loveliest face, and double beauty's power.

Beauty and wit with ease engage the heart;
Crowds round their altar throng to bend the knee;
But Wit and Beauty's votaries swift depart,
When vex'd ill-nature's scowling front they see.

Good temper twines a flower-smell'd chain,
And smiling throws it o'er the willing mind;
Life passes on and sees that bond remain,
And age beholds it still as freshly twined.

Mary! to thee these lines are justly due,
If temper joined with beauty own a claim;
Shouldst thou too modest deem the bard untrue,
Look in thy mirror—and appeal to fame.

LAURENCE.

For the Minerva.

TO FRANCES.

Since love scorneth to receive me;
One farewell in pity give me,
One short hour would on life's ocean
Shine a star of fond devotion;
One short hour, though spent in sorrow,
Let fond love from beauty borrow,
That its memory may cheer me,
When no home or friend is near me.

Hadst thou never let thy lover
One faint gleam of hope discover,
Though despair had gloom'd love's morning,
There had been no fault in scorning;

But with passions unfelt languish,
To increase love's bitter anguish,
Then his smallest wish denying,
Oh it was too keen—too trying.

Sept. 9th 1823.

WALTER.

TO *****.

Can I forget; can'st thou forget
The hours of pleasure we have known?
Or wilt thy heart with mine regret
To think how quickly they have flown?

Wilt thou with me one sigh bestow,
Or wilt thou feel with me the glow,
That joys like ours behind them leave?

Thou wilt!—why need I doubt thy heart?
It e'er has been sincere to me;
Oh be it still, till life depart,
The same as mine shall be to thee.

Alike our feelings e'er have been,
Alike our thought, our wishes were,
Alike our hearts, our minds were seen;
Alike our joy, alike our care.

Unchang'd by time, still shall they prove
From every mean impression free;
Life may be quench'd, but faithful love
Shall last in sweet eternity.

THE SUICIDE.

Unfortunate Exile! perhaps to thy grave
Love's sigh will be wafted o'er ocean's dark wave;
Some heart may lament thee, some eye weep thy doom,
Some friend of thy youth, seek the Suicide's tomb.

Though thy life was not given in Liberty's cause,
In defence of thy country, religion, and laws;
Yet the hand that was rais'd to extinguish thy breath,
Night have nev'r'd in the battle, and triumph'd in death.

Poor son of Iberia!—forlorn as thy land,
Cold and low as the spirit that once warm'd her hand,
When the Gothic plume met the Mohammedan glance,
And her rivers were red with the Saracen lance;

Had thy name been enrolled in the list of the slain,
When the eagles of Gallia invaded thy plain,
The laurel of war would have hallow'd thy name,
For the cypress of woe is the chaplet of Fame.

Guadiana's sweet banks and the pastoral vale
Will listen, perchance, to the horrible tale;
The Shepherd repeat, and the Muleteer stay,
Till the dews of the eve weep the burial of day.

Each fond heart that cherish'd, each bosom that kept
Thy name in record till Remembrance wept,
Will now chant thy dirge, and in anguish deplore
The Exile, the Stranger, proud, hopeless, and poor.

Epigram.

On a stone thrown, that missed a thick Head.
Talk no more of the lucky escape of the head,
From a flint so unluckily thrown;
I think very different with thousands indeed;
'Twas a lucky escape for the stone!

ENIGMAS.

"And justly the wise man thus preach'd to us all,
Despise not the value of things that are small."

Answers to Puzzles in our last.

PUZZLE I.—A He-then.

PUZZLE II.—A Ditch.

PUZZLE III.—A Jest.

PUZZLE IV.—To-day.

NEW PUZZLES.

REBUS I.

'Tis the commencement of heav'n's theifal of breath,
And though out of existence, yet living in death.
'Tis the prop of your health, the support of agnost,
And is seen in a fight, at the head of a host;
It resides on the hills, yet is ever at home,
And discover'd in Carthage, though never in Rome.

II.

It blooms not in spring, yet is alive in all May,
In winter's extinguished save in the middle of day,
It expires in the sea, where it's seen but not heard,
And dies in the heavens in the heart of a bird;
It sails in a boat, and it lies in an ear,
And sprouts up in rain while it dies in an hour;
It delights not in fruit, though it smells of a grape,
And is the pivot of man, and a resemblance in fate;
In peace it presides, though continually in war,
And though asleep in hunger, yet full in its maw;
Modesty it has none, but ever in shame,
And while a kin to the coward is always in fame;
Puzzles it abhors, though it's a puzzle to guess
Where lies the puzzle of this puzzling mess.

PUZZLE I.

Why are Florio's productions like toys?

II.

Why is a looking-glass like a spur that is soon plated?

CHRONOLOGY.

The Christian Era.

- 1621 Grotius retired from Holland to Paris, where he wrote his best performances.
— The Dutch founded Batavia, in the East-Indies.
1622 Rochelle armed against King Louis; he laid siege to it.
— The Protestants of Languedoc and Bearu submitted with the Duke of Rohan.
— The Poles having defeated 300,000 Turks, the Janizaries rose at Constantinople, and deposed the Sultan Ohman, and restored Mustapha, his predecessor.
1623 Charles, Prince of Wales, set out for Spain, to make up the match with the Infanta, whence he returned without success.
1624 The Dutch tortured the English factors at Amboyna, and deprived them of the Spice Islands.
1625 Death of King James I. of England.
— Charles I. his son succeeding, married Henrietta, Princess of France.
— The Parliament began to complain of grievances, and to refuse subsidies.
— King Charles entered into a league with France and Holland against Spain.
— King Charles obliged to raise supplies by his own authority.
— Breda taken by the Spaniards.
— Prince Maurice died. Frederic Henry his brother, succeeded as Stadtholder.
1626 Death of Sir Francis Bacon, Lord Verulam, the greatest genius of his age.
— League of Sweden, Denmark, Holland, and the Protestants against the Emperor; their troops gained the battle of Dessau.
— King Charles I. dismissed the French servants of his Queen, which occasioned a war with France.
1627 Third parliament of Charles, preferred a petition of right against arbitrary taxes, &c.
1628 Rochelle taken by King Louis.
— The English had thrice appeared to assist the town.
— King Charles and his Parliament continuing at variance he again dissolved them.
— Gustavus Adolphus, King of Sweden, entered Germany. France made alliance with him.
— The Dutch settled in Brasil.
1531 One of the most dreadful eruptions of Mount Vesuvius.
— Battle of Liepsic gained by Gustavus.
1632 Death of Gustavus Adolphus, after gaining the battle of Lutzen, and over-running great part of Germany.
— His daughter Christina seven years old, succeeded.
— Death of Frederic Elector Palatine, King of Bohemia, and son-in-law to King James I. of England; on whose daughter, Sophia, and her issue, the crown of Great Britain afterwards devolved.
— Civil war in France with Gaston the King's brother, and the Duke of Montmorenci; the latter was taken and executed; the former made his peace, but left the kingdom again.
1633 The Duke of Lorraine levied troops against France, but an accommodation took place.
1634 Lorraine being ceded by the Duke to his brother the Cardinal, Louis sent troops, and settled a Council at Nantes.
— Battle of Nordlingen, where the Imperialists were defeated by the Swedes.
1635 Beginning of the French Academy.
— War betwixt France and Spain, which lasted 25 years; and between France and the Emperor, which lasted 13.
— Death of Thomas Parr in England, aged 152 years.
1636 Banner, a Swedish general, gained a victory at Wistock, and laid waste Misna.
1637 Death of the Emperor Ferdinand II. His son Ferdinand III. succeeded.
— Great troubles in Scotland, on occasion of a new Liturgy, which the King attempted to introduce.
1638 The Scots bound themselves by a solemn covenant, to oppose the Liturgy and Episcopacy.
— The Duke of Weimar, general of the Swedes, gained great advantages over the Imperialists, and took four generals.
— The Turks took Bagdad from the Persians.
1639 Tromp, the Dutch admiral, defeated the Spanish fleet on the English coast.
— King Charles marched against the Scots covenanters, with whom he made an ill-judged agreement.
1640 Revolution in Portugal, when John Duke of Braganza was proclaimed King.
— The English Parliament refusing to grant subsidies against the Scots, were dissolved.
— The Scots entered England.

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